



The Gallery of Art
A gold rectangular medallion featuring a landscape scene with a building, trees, and a path.
Poems



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GALLERY OF ART



Yours truly
Joshua Beale

GALLERY OF ART

By

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POEMS

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GALLERY OF ART



RECOLLECTIONS



THROUGHOUT the shifting scenes
of life,
From hilltop to the valley;
Come echoes near of happy days,
To sweethearts swift they rally.

The groves contribute fallen leaves,
The seaside, shells of ocean;
The wings of love drop feathery plumes
As thought gives force to motion.

Where walks took place of carriage rides,
And lonely places smile;
To happy hearts in passing by,
Suggest they rest awhile.

A lazy tree across a brook,
Where sunshine yields to shadow;
Suggests a place where lovers sat,
While plowmen turned the fallow.

Where brambles pitched their tangled tent,
And sunlight never entered;
There lovers breathed the breath of peace,
There waves of love were centered.

Where willows drooped their weeping limbs,
And age the house had battered;
'Twas there they passed some happy hours,
As rain the shingles pattered.

The noisy cities saw them pass,
They watched the stream of people;
They saw where wealth held up its head,
As church holds up its steeple.

They walked where sands resisted weight,
And foam its surface covered;
They heard the roar of ocean waves
Where thoughts of lovers hovered.

As years have come and rolled away,
As seasons brought their treasure,
These lovers gathered gems of thought,
When labor turned to pleasure.

How often did these trusted friends
When youth had passed forever,
Unlock the door to treasure's vault,
And count the gems together.



THE DAISY AND THE VIOLET



PROUD old Daisy in a field
Once said to a modest little Violet in a
shady ravine:
"Lift up your head, why do you live in that
dark, gloomy spot?"
"Because," said the Violet, "I am little and
humble and satisfied with my lot."
"You look rather lonely, where are your friends, little
Violet Blue?"
"Your enemies are my friends and my own are all
true."
"Look, little Violet, this big field over, it is white with
my kinsfolk."
"But," said the Violet, "you are trespassing in other
people's clover."
"I and my kinsfolk are privileged to grow where we
please.
"We toil not, we spin not, we live at our ease.
"We have entered the race of National Flowers,
"And my kinsfolk are claiming the award will be ours."

One sunshiny day when there was no wind or shower
The Daisy grew faint in the hot, broiling sun,
While the Violet was cool in its deep, shaded bower;
Its roots were still moist, its ailments were none.
The Violet peeped out from the shady ravine and said:
"Oh, Miss Daisy, why so sad? Are you ill or has dis-
appointment affected your nod?"
"It is the latter, little Violet, the Government has
chosen the Golden Rod."
"Cheer up," said the Violet, honors will fade;
"Desert that hot field, come live in the shade."
"No, thank you, Miss Violet, I prefer to live where I
can be seen.
"I could never be happy, much less content to live in
a ravine."

The little Violet felt hurt and made up her mind
To speak no more to Miss Daisy, so proud and unkind.
One early morn when Miss Violet Blue
Was sleepy and lazy and covered with dew,
An echo came hurrying down the ravine:

"Is it birds that I hear; is it bees; is it boys, or is it a
machine?"
" 'Tis a reaper," said the Robin, as she flew over.
"The owner is mowing his field of clover."
"Alas!" said the Violet, "I fear for a flower that re-
fused to come live in my shady bower."

A click and a clatter all day in the field of clover,
And the days of Miss Daisy and her kinsfolk were over.
A sharp little sickle, treacherous and sly,
Cut down Miss Daisy to wither and die.

"Ah!" said the Violet, " 'tis the same old story the
whole world over;
"Do not trifle or trespass in other people's clover."

THE HARVEST MOON



HEN butterflies collect in groups
And locusts cease to sing;
The Summer time has come and gone,
The groves no longer ring.

The song birds all have started South
In search of forests new;
The Autumn days at once begin
When the Harvest Moon is due.

The seaside places close their doors
When Labor Day is ended;
The lunar rays of all our moons
In the Harvest Moon are blended.

The rice bird, once the Bobolink
That sang throughout the Summer,
In changing plumage, habits, name,
Now falls before the gunner.

The boarding schools for pretty girls
Now call them back to cover;
They rally to the Autumn call
Like Southland draws the plover.

The grasshopper and the katydid
Help make the uplands sound;
Their medley ceased as they disappeared,
When the Harvest Moon came around.

The raccoon feasts on roasting ears
And prowls around at night;
The darkies say coon hunt begins
When the Harvest Moon gives light.

When Labor Day is over
And the dog days' end has come;
And the Harvest time is coming on
And the leaves are fading some,

We feel an impulse stirring us,
 Ambition spurs us some;
 Our nature seems of better grade
 When the Harvest Moon has come.



GOING THROUGH THE SIEVE



HERE are many things of interest
 In this world in which we live;
 But they slip away and disappear
 Like water in a sieve.

There are some whose lives they'd lengthen
 While there's some don't care to live;
 And are ready for depression
 To drop them through the sieve.

There are glorious days of sunshine
 And our highest praise we give;
 But the darkest days are always those
 That push us through the sieve.

There's a cable in some people's lives
 The thing for which they live;
 And it's this that keeps a love affair
 From falling through the sieve.

It's the strength of loyal friendship
 In the lives some people live;
 That lifts their soul above the pit
 That lies beneath the sieve.

When strands grow weak in love affairs
 From strain begin to give;
 The time is past for rescue
 And it's going through the sieve.

CHANGE



SAT upon a silent rock where fifty years before
I sat upon the same old stone and mused on future store.
But Change, the silent, subtle thing, like strokes that move the clock
Had left its mark on all around except the stream and rock.

The fighting perch had left the stream, the sycamore tree had fallen;
The Rooks that once had nested there had flown and ceased their calling.
The grand old trees that hugged the stream and beautified its border
Had fallen by the hand of Change, like others at its order.

The echo that I used to hear, just fifty years ago,
That hurried up and down the stream when youth was all aglow
Had left the scene as did the man who gave the echo wings;
To rise above the land of Change and all material things.

The Eglantine that used to grow and shed its sweet perfume,
Had vanished like the old farm bell that used to ring at noon.
While sitting on this gray old rock that touched the river's edge
I doffed my shoes, with trousers rolled, I splashed at fifty edge.

But rounding up experience, that half a century told,
And dipping in the treacherous stream with waters dark and cold,
Anticipation sought by me, since fifty years have flown,
Was dreamland for a barefoot boy and not for him when grown.

LOVE'S LAST FLIGHT



THE chilly blasts of Winter melted
Beneath the breath of Love's burning ray;
Flowers bloomed on barren shores and dark-
ness
Turned to light of day.
Steps once heavy as of burdened tread,
With spirits drooping pale;
Lightly came change lifting blithely
A heart now hale.

Hope arose as a glowing orb
Above a horizon gray from doubt;
And golden gleams forced entrance
As shadows fled without.
Entrenched within a heart as in other hearts
In days of yore;
Love built an altar, lit its fires,
Warmed and hovered o'er.

Ambition drew its plans e'er the bridal chamber
Budded soon to bloom;
Dreams sketched the grounds of home,
The glow of Hope had reached its noon;
When Nature drew her bow, the shafts of music
Straight to a heart did go.
Remotest chambers, responsive, gave way and vibrant
Threw back echoes sweet and low.

All Nature tuned to Love's impulsive ear,
Joy arose as sorrow fled;
Eternal peace remained throughout the year,
Unclouded skies were overhead.
An influence riding in mid-air circled o'er,
As a bird upon the wing;
Emotion bubbling to overflow,
Subdued all pain, destroyed its sting.

An evening walk by winding stream
 And crumbling mill;
 'Twas here they courted, loved, and heard
 The whippoorwill.
 Moonbeams shed a softer light
 In Love's Lane;
 And fireflies staged their gorgeous light
 Over hill and plain.

One evening, change came o'er a scene
 Where expectation dwelt;
 And Hope no longer blazed the way
 To joy so often felt.
 A broken vow drew shadows
 As day was turned to darkest night;
 A poisoned dart pierced woman's heart
 'Twas Love's last flight.



MEMORIES

 LONG the pebbly brooks of time
 And hollows full of echoes;
 Are orchards filled with memories
 green
 And others dwarfed by yellows,
 But what good would our pleasure be
 If void of recollection;
 Or what would light our drops of dew
 Without the sun's reflection?
 Would life without its lights and shades
 Be one like everlasting;
 Or do we feel the ups and downs are clouds
 Our sky o'ercasting?
 Would not the ocean lose its charm
 If robbed of all its billows;
 Would not our forests lose their charm
 If all were weeping willows?

Diversity, then, will lift our hope
And fire our inspiration;
We must have change to check the trend
Of selfish inclination.
Let us gather, then, the lights and shades
Of shifting scenes behind us;
And spread them on the canvas
That will rise and fall before us.



SEEK YOUR EQUILIBRIUM



WHEN you meet with disappointment and your spirits droop and fail,
Or the mercury of your temper rises up the danger scale;
Just seek your equilibrium, between good nature and a frown,
Drink a cocktail mixed with reason and your mercury will come down.
When you've had your own way always, and by chance you're curbed a bit,
Don't fly into a temper but make the best of it,
Because the people change their minds don't let yourself grow sour,
But seek your equilibrium when you drop the reins of power.
If you've lengthened out your overcheck and been a little gay,
Don't criticize your sweetheart if she should go that way,
If you play Res, let her play Proc, while either is en route,
But seek your equilibrium when you wish to beat dispute.
The tendency in most of men in the ups and downs of life,
Is to be a little selfish but teach patience to the wife.
They oftentimes fly to jealousy before they have a cause,
If they sought their equilibrium first, they'd always stop and pause.

A woman's world is rather small and routine day by day,
Don't judge her by what you've done, be careful what
you say.

Before you wound the living force that binds yourself
to her,
Just get your equilibrium and soften down your fur.



SHALL WE?



VERY pleasure has its sting
Hidden beneath a crushing fate;
Every Winter has its Spring
Sometimes early, sometimes late.

Every flower seeks the sunlight
Bursting from its clasping folds;
Soon to fade into the midnight
Soon to yield the breath it holds.

Every sorrow leaves its furrow
Carved upon the face of time;
Weighty thoughts that sink and burrow
Reappear in force sublime.

Hours we spend in pensive thought
Void at first of recompense;
Wend their way through sadness fraught
Swell the tide of affluencé.

Shall we, then, when clouds of Winter
Warn us of approaching age;
Let our nature crack or splinter
Foster streams to drown our rage?

Better far to seek the sunshine
Shimmering on some other place;
Fire our faith while seeking pastime
Brush the clouds from off our face.

THE DEATH OF DESTINY



P from the valley of Destiny's reign
Hope rose in triumph,
Its opponent was slain.
Thought, clothed in armor of new style and
power,
Has driven the old
While the new holds the hour.

How oft has the man who, burdened by care,
Sank down by the loads
That adversities bear.
The clouds that hang low and the lights that are dim
Are as millstones and drawbacks
That handicap him.

But Hope lives immortal while destiny dies,
New thought illumines
The old, cloudy skies.
Suggestion, invading the old doubting minds,
Will reinforce weakness,
Force light through the blinds.

The past often rises as dreams reappear,
But Hope when encouraged
Builds Destiny's bier.
The triumph of effort although it be late,
Will often win battles
And disappoint fate.

Long live the muse who by patience tried out,
Gave life a new vision
To drive away doubt,
Then Time, in its whirling and infinite course
Will recompense effort
From whatever source.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE



OW many of us realize
The dreams of boys at school
Were not all passing fancies
Nor proved an April Fool.

The farmer's boy with stogy boots
His trousers void of crease;
His coat loose cut without a fit
And often spots of grease,
Forgot his raiment long enough
To lift his range of thought;
To future heights where knowledge dwells,
The price of effort wrought.
In after years when looking back
To school days green in youth;
His dreams had not been all in vain
But ripened into fruit.



THE ONE DOLLAR BILL



O thou hast returned home at last
Thou dirty, ragged one dollar bill;
Laden with a myriad germs and microbes of
many species,
Yet, thou art worth one dollar still.
Not all fathers whose offsprings cross the thres-
hold
And venture forth on errand bound,
Will welcome the wanderer whether prodigal or minis-
terial
Though wrecked and ruined, received as sound.
Oh, that thou couldst talk and thy wondrous story tell
Of thy wanderings and sojournings,
The lesson thou couldst teach, the story thou couldst
relate
Would equal a sage or philosopher's learning.

I cannot call thee a dreamer, nor dare I call thee a prodigal
For Congress was thy creator;
And thou wentest forth by full permission on thy mission bent
And thou alone art thy own relator.
But thou entered the great arena of life conscious in the faith
That thy redemption was sure.
No matter what was't thine appearance on returning, thy demeanor whilst away
Or whether thy motives were evil or pure.
No matter whether early or late, whether clothed in the same artistic coloring
As in thy youth
Or whether jaded, discouraged, emaciated or faded, thy mission performed.
Thy long stay and appearance on thy return evidences the truth.
How many hearts hast thou gladdened, how many too hast thou left lonely and sad;
Legion is perhaps the number of bills thou hast paid
And obligations discharged as well as a like number disappointed
Who thought thee had.
The degree of thy power hast been matchless
When thy achievements have all been recorded;
Though thou hast been no respector of persons for the pious, the lewd and licentious
Thou hast befriended as well as rewarded.
The high and mighty, the lowly and meek, the rich and poor, the good and evil
Before thee have bowed;
These to thee have all paid tribute in thanks, some in supplication and prayer
In silence or aloud.
Thou hath played many a role, thou hast been a traitor and a tyrant
A Christian and an Infidel

A Protestant and a Catholic, a coward and a patriot
A prisoner and a sentinel.
Thou, too, hast been priest and subject, parent and child,
God and Devil.
Thou hast also dealt both justly and unjustly, deception
hast thou practiced
Yet charitably acted on the level.
Virtue hast thou prostituted, yet thou hast also hounded
and prosecuted him
That hath done as did thee;
Thou hast overtaken the fleeing criminal and him brought
to justice
And yet didst thou enable the guilty to flee.
Thou saint and sinner, thou God and Devil, thou gay
deceiver
Thou innocent and heavenly dove,
Thou darling of my heart, thou vile and slimy serpent,
wrecker of homes
An angel of mercy from above.
Thou corrupter of courts, thou breeder of graft
Yet thou art a shining example of righteousness and
reform;
With all thy wickedness, cruelty, corruption, disaster,
bloodshed and crime
What goodness and greatness thou dost perform.
If thou couldst but speak thou wouldest plead guilty to
all these charges
And yet more;
For thou knewest thy calling and redemption was sure no
matter what was thy conduct
A welcome return was for thee in store.
Thou wert ever conscious of thine own immortality
Since the day of thy creation
For thy father who indorsed and bid thee God Speed is
as thou knewest
The father of a great Nation.
His influence and power went before thee as thy Jehovah
in "the pillar of cloud by day,
And the pillar of fire by night."

Thou knewest full well that thy redeemer liveth
Though his being was invisible to thy sight.
Thy courage and fortitude was prompted by a promise
in gold
That fadeth not;
Neither could moth or rust corrupt or thieves break
through and steal;
Eternal rest was thy promised lot.
Thy creator did say of thee when thy mission endeth,
Thy work done,
That as from dust thou wast created
To dust shalt thou return.

Thus did Uncle Sam, the invisible father of the world's
greatest Republic,
Address his Prime Minister, his Financial Delegate, his
Circulating Medium
On its final return and at its death and cremation.



THE BLUE-EYED GIRL

MONG the moving pictures that appeared upon
the Earth,
Was the likeness of a blue-eyed girl, she was
lovely from her birth.
The hand of fate so often has in childhood's
clinging hours,
Stole through the door of Human Heart and robbed it
of its bowers.

This blue-eyed girl of loyal heart, of just and gentle
breeding,
Was born beneath a southern sky, where people did
seceding.
Among the many steamboats that rode our greatest river,
Were those of which this blue-eyed girl helped guide
without a quiver.

But years have come and gone since then,
Her boats have left the river; the Pilot left a father's
love to glorify the giver.

This blue-eyed girl of southern blood whose people never
hurry,
To change their ways for northern ones or southern ease
for worry.

She always stood for gallantry, for right and southern
views;

She led the march for bravery, she saw the cowards lose.
Of all the southern women who mingled in the strife,
Not one of them could rock her boat while on the Sea
of Life.



THE REAPER OF THE FOREST



N early days our land was clothed
With forests deep and stout;
Where bear and beaver made their home
And red men roamed about.

Where Nature spread her wondrous wings
And sheltered all her kin;
Within the forest thick of trees
That time has changed to thin;

Like life within the golden grain
Or meadows under cover;
Or upland loud with insect voice
Or piping flocks of plover.

A reaper came of cruel kind
Like that which reaped our friends;
And gathered in the grand old trees
To gratify its ends.

The wild life like the stately trees
Has passed since years have flown;
A new creation now has sprung
From seeds that Time has sown.

The raccoon haunts of long ago
The bee trees and the trapper;
Are folded in the passing years
Like parcels in their wrapper.

We mourn the loss of forests old
Of wild life and its glory;
Our hearts are sad, these noble things
Have passed from life to story.



A LESSON FROM NATURE



WHILE walking by a stony ledge
Hard by a winding stream;
My steps were automatic
My mind was as a dream.
When suddenly from an ancient rock,
Some hundred feet in height,
A stone-like ball before me fell,
It was a Trilobite.

In picking up the stony thing
With circles belted round;
My mind came off my rambling dream
To tell me what I'd found.
"Pray tell me, little Trilobite,
About how old you be?"
But its ear was deaf, its tongue was still,
Neither could it see.

In the fossiliferous age is when it lived
And also moved about;
Most life was then within the waves,
And not so much without.
As I am now, so once was it,
As science still proclaims;
For Earth its ages now are read
By finding such remains.

By evolution some men say,
But all do not unite
In tracing man's beginning
To a little Trilobite.
If such were true and life returned
To the dead and stony thing,
What message would this little fish
To its present kinsfolk bring?

I wandered further down the stream,
Past flowers rich in blushes;
I stopped to watch the busy bees
And hear the song of thrushes.
This charming spot in Nature's wilds
With all its birds and bees;
Embroidered by its pebbly stream
And green and stately trees.

I sat upon a fallen tree
The trunk of which was mossy;
A scolding chipmunk peered at me
With eyes both black and saucy.
I tossed to him a piece of cake
With sugar over-crusted;
He said: "You are a Biped
"That chipmunks never trusted."

I moved along and later came
To brambles thick and tangled;
I saw a cunning spider and the fly
He well nigh strangled.
He perched himself upon his throne
In all his pomp and power;
He wove his fine and subtle web
For flies a deadly bower.

I raised my stick to strike the blow
That would forever sever
The altar that he sat upon,
But the spider was too clever.

He sprang from off his lofty throne,
He grasped his ladder light;
He hurried down his fire escape
And disappeared from sight.

From a hole beneath a solid rock
I saw him reappear;
It was the home that sheltered
This wise and wily seer.
In spider language he began
My actions to decry;
Because I sought to slay him
Since he caught a passing fly.

He neither had an Angel form
Nor had he Angel features;
Notwithstanding his horrid shape.
He was one of Nature's creatures.
He challenged human genius
At evening, morn and noon;
To compare their vast productions
With his little private loom.

He neither had an Angel form
And wisely too but shy;
"So you would slay your ancestor
"For dining on a fly.
"From me you learned your cunning
"Your science and your art;
"But now that you have bloated so
" 'Tis time that you depart."

A lesson thus to me was taught
While journeying by this stream,
More valuable than I could gleam
From books or rambling dream.
I saw throughout this wild retreat,
And up and down the stream,
The shadow of the Deity
More real than in my dream.

IDENTITY



FEATURES of circumstances are we
Without our will or asking;
Brought into this world where Change is King
And names our time of lasting.

Shall we, when life within us dies
Our bodies then nonentity;
Become a part of Spiritual force
And recognize Identity.

Or shall we, like a drop of rain
That falls from cloud to sea
Lose all we are and form a part
Of great Eternity?

Our life is filled with mystery
Uncertain of its call;
We're like a drop of dew that came
And perished by its fall.

From out the night the dewdrop came
The sun revealed its glory;
But Change cut short Identity
And left no trace or story.

Thus we who came without our choice
Our future too must be,
And we may lose Identity
In the hidden Spiritual sea.

We are sent adrift upon the earth
As sculptors without a chisel;
Some carve out a normal life
While others only fizzles.

Some start out and would succeed
Were it not for others tangles
That blocked their way and turned their peace
To worry and to wrangles.

And thus it ever seems to be
Of going and of losing;
The loss to they who suffered most
Was caused by others' choosing.



THE ORPHANS

THE sun was disappearing
Behind a gathering cloud;
When two little tots at a window stood
And gazed on the passing crowd.

The time was nearing Christmas
When children's hearts are glad;
But these two little urchins' hearts
Were heavy, pained and sad.

They saw the surging, busy throng
That passed along the street
Were loaded down with Christmas toys
And many things to eat.

Their mother, hedged by poverty
Their father, dead and gone;
Their wonder was: "Will Santa stop
Or will he journey on?"

A little bird came flitting down
From a pine tree standing near;
And alighted on the window sill
Seemed tame and void of fear.

"Let's feed him crumbs," said Robbie
"And make him love us so
"He'll come and see us often
"When the ground is white with snow."

Then little Nell, with choking voice
And eyes that filled with tears
Said: "Robbie, dear, we have no crumbs
"Till mother reappears."

THE WHITE IMMORTELLE



THE White House where our Presidents
 Have hewn our National stone;
 That built the greatest Government
 The world has ever known;
 Has portraits of our rulers
 And holds echoes of the tread
 Of Men whose strokes of statesmanship
 Stand as statues for the dead.

One morning when old Father Time
 Walked through the Halls of History,
 He whispered to his faithful muse
 "Let some of this be mystery.
 "Come join me and together walk
 "To see historic places;
 "The White House bids me enter there
 "To view our rulers' faces.

"I have within this little box
 "Some scarlet, lasting flowers,
 "To place around the portraits
 "Of our greatest human towers.
 "This row of noble faces
 "Of the living and the dead
 "Has earned a decoration
 "Of Immortelles, overhead.

"But why this lonely white one
 "Among the others red,
 "Are not the red for living
 "And the white one for the dead?"
 "The man that's just ahead of Time
 "Is who this white one's for;
 "We'll put that one on WILSON
 "For he bore the brunt of war."

INGRATITUDE



HE Past rises before me
Like a dream;
The future ebbs and flows
As the ocean stream.
The Present neither was
Nor is to be;
Salutes us but once
And then will flee.
Our life is like
The winding of a reel;
Our accomplishment is our joy,
Neglect is the pain we feel.
The Present, well employed
Adds to our spool;
The Past, Present and Future
Are problems of school.
Hearken, oh man, unto us!
Apply the Golden Rule;
He who would wantonly
The lower creation wrong,
Spurns the weak and
Encourages the strong,
Man's inhumanity to man
And to Nature
His ossified feeling,
Takes unto himself command,
While it must do the kneeling.
All flying, creeping, swimming,
Moving things,
Consider man an enemy
And from him springs.
When will he the lesson learn
Of kindness;
And from his way of malice turn?
Oh, that he might upon
The flaming forge of life
Build the chain with links of love
And not of strife,

And with this chain
 Whose links will never part,
 Bind Nature to him
 And heart to heart.



JOHN HENRY'S SCALES



JOHN HENRY studied research in our modern
 days of thought
 And practiced his profession by doing as he
 taught;
 Some classed him as a dreamer while a genius
 others said,

He bore the stamp of honesty and by it earned his bread,
 He saw injustice springing up with most prolific growth,
 He heard men prostitute the truth without regard to
 oath;

He saw that human liberty was bartered away like hogs,
 He saw the rights of honest men were going to the dogs.
 He set to work to study the scales that later weighed
 The ego of the alienist and plans deceivers laid;
 A searchlight gleamed above these scales with power to
 penetrate

The armor of the outward man that truth might renovate.
 The many scales of justice that hang above the courts,
 Are stationary, immovable, of many styles and sorts.
 John Henry's scales were movable, well balanced, clean
 and bright,

The scale which sank the lowest was the one which bore
 the right.

These scales were used in medicine as well as courts of
 law

To test the alienist's egotism and doctors in the draw,
 The plain and plodding doctor whose trousers go un-
 creased,

Will hoist the fellow highest who must have his con-
 science greased.

John Henry's inspiration for his scales and under dog
Was mischief wrought by wicked boys upon a little frog.
These boys had laid a helpless frog upon a tilting cleat,
Then struck the other end and thus did justice cheat.
They watched the helpless frog fly up and later strike the
ground,
More thoughtless, shiftless, reckless boys are seldom ever
found.
Hard by them ran a little brook from which the frog they
caught
To perpetrate their cruelty, without remorse or thought.
John Henry picked a rugged stone and called this weight
the truth;
Now watch me test your tilting scales young rascals in
your youth.
He gave the frog the longer end on which to rest and look,
The truth dropped on the shorter end, the frog went in
the brook.
No sooner had the truth been dropped upon the moving
scale
Than liberty to the frog had come that he might freedom
hail.
Now boys, be mindful through your lives as in your
youthful days,
That truth will always hoist the wrong no matter what it
weighs.
John Henry said in many courts where justice is re-
quired,
The judges now are doubtful men, the straight ones have
retired.
The people see the need of scales to weigh the wrong and
right,
That truth may lift the lighter weight and bring the
wrong to light.
These scales were made for honest poor and not for men
of means,
To lift the graft and perjury that is done behind the
scenes.

John Henry did not patent them for monopoly's selfish greed
 But gave the poor the benefit that they might their families feed.
 Throughout our ways of human life as now its trend is going,
 John Henry's scales are needed for the wrong that men are sowing.
 'Tis sad, indeed, this picture of a country in its youth,
 That trusted words must all be weighed to ascertain the truth.



THE TURTLE'S REBUKE



NE morning in October
 When the trees were changing clothes,
 And Miss Katy and Miss Hopper
 Were murmuring out their woes,
 A lazy little turtle
 Sat perched upon a log,
 That stood above the water
 In a quiet mountain bog.
 Near by him floated likewise
 Another little tad,
 Supposedly a lassie,
 The perching one a lad.
 The merry little twinkle
 In laddiebuck's bright eye,
 Suggested to the lassie
 To come up awhile and dry.
 Miss Lassie looked disgusted,
 She swam a little ring,
 "I never dry in Autumn
 "But I'll meet you in the Spring."

CHORUS:

Now, Laddie, stop your coaxing,
 Drop that twinkle from your eye;
 The Fall is cold and cheerless
 And it's not the time to dry.

THE PASSING OF THE HOBO



HE railway tracks of former days
Were hobo's great white ways;
It was there he bummed from town to town,
But now he seldom stays.
These tracks are changed since former days,
They are not the same as then;
Instead of being lonely now,
They are alive with secret men.

Whatever theft occurs these days
Along the railway tracks,
These secret men attach the crime
To the tramping hobo's back.
This rocky road the hobo shuns,
And seldom ventures where
These secret men may him entrap
Within their clever snare.

The public road is none too safe
For poor old hobo now;
Where once he slept on beds of hay
He finds them empty now.
No sooner does he reach a town
And stop to rest a bit,
Than some one taps his shoulder
And he gets the worst of it.

He is branded as a vagrant
No matter where he goes;
The world has turned its back upon
The old time tramping hoboes.
The tariff of our former days
Some say was much to blame
For sending out the unemployed
Who later gained this name.

The parks throughout our largest towns
And wharves where steamboats bunch,
Were places where he used to rest
And oftentimes found his lunch.
The rich control the road to wealth,
They watch their fortunes swell;
They wind men up and pour them out
Like water from a well.



A BURIED STORY



STOOD by a mound
where an Oak tree young
was striking deep its roots;
And here and there
was a broken brick
half hidden by Locust roots.

Within the mound
as other mounds
was a story long forgot;
But it, like others,
faded now was one
of the common lot.

A yeoman
once of sturdy build,
of purpose true and bold;
Invaded here
a noble wood
and lived 'till gray and old.

With ax and saw
this forest great
gave way before his blows;
And here he reared
a hewed log house
to shelter him from snows.

The onward rush
of time and age
like other passing things,
Had swept away
the forest old
and all material things.

The homestead shared
the forest's lot,
the household, too, had vanished;
The mound, alone,
was left behind,
all else by time was banished.

In digging down
through years long gone
to trace this buried story,
The yeoman, forest,
home and kin
all vanished with their glory.



AN ODE TO CABIN JOHN'S BRIDGE

*A STORY IN STONE.



AIL Cabin John's Bridge!
Thou mass of granite masonry suspended in
mid-air;
Upon thy side rests a tablet containing a story
in stone,

Of a hero who, as one of three, gave thee birth;
Around whose public life, soon after thy suspension,
There rolled the seething tide of turbulent tumult and
revolt,

Death scored a victory in a Lost Cause shattered,
But its shadow still remains.

The impulse of bitter sentiment, with chisel keen
Hewed away that name, but as years came and went
Its shadow overawed the other names.

A curious public inquired:
"Whose name was this that fled?"
"The name of Jefferson Davis, who, with his Confederate
Government,
"Is numbered with the dead."
I stood beneath the hanging arch, beside its solid wall,
In accents low I asked the question:
"What lesson is taught?"
Forthwith came back the answer from the cruel lips of
Death:
"There is naught but Death."
Startled, I turned around and across the stream of Cabin
John,
Hard by the opposite wall stood Death, snuffers in hand,
An ill omen forewarned.
Not far away a modern building reared its head;
It was here that in palmy days multitudes were fed,
High Jinks and revelry reigned and music echoed through
Cabin John's Ravine and across the river wide;
While thousands in glee and merriment their appetites
supplied,
From bounteous fares served within that famous host-
elry.
The flowing bowl too frequently supplied was the trap
which
Death had set for pleasure and its sepulchre.

In after years I came again;
Silence reigned.
The echoes of music and surging crowds had flown,
All was withered and dead.
A spark of impulse stirred the public heart,
The shadow of a shattered Cause and its Hero challenged
Death
And refused to die, and lo!
The name of Jefferson Davis reappeared and took its
place where
For half a century its shadow stood to mark the place
Of a Story in Stone.

LET US PAY IT



F the men in National harness
Of our Democratic thought,
Who never dodged a bullet
In the battles that it fought,
There is one who earned promotion
And who earned it from the ranks;
And we owe him greater honors
Than to pay it off in thanks.

If our people's song of gratitude
Be as joyous as the lark,
It should echo in the White House
In the name of Speaker Clark.
We should treasure old traditions
Of that outward flowing force
The Democratic party chose
When staking out its course.

We owe it to the glorious Cause,
Where fire ever burns
On the altars of our humble homes
Like memory clings to urns.
If we bow before sincerity
As Democrats always should,
We must pay the debt we owe the man
Who stood as martyrs stood.

From out the shafts of treacherous mines
With windings deep and dark;
Where labor earns its daily bread
And hope has lost its spark;
Within our workshops, busy mills
Or other fields of labor
Are voices calling for the man
Where justice meets with favor.

Throughout our glorious group of states
Our thoroughfares of travel,
Will come united calls for him
Who spent his life in saddle.

This unpaid debt of gratitude
Now like a treasure empty.
We'll elect Champ Clark our President
In nineteen hundred-twenty.



CONFLICT OF THE SHADOWS



TIME once stopped in its swiftness of flight,
Daylight and darkness prepared for a fight;
The past and the future, like brave knights of
old,
Were clothed in fine garments with laces of
gold.

The field for the conflict was shaven and shorn,
The hour was midway between twilight and morn.
No umpire was near to rule reason or law
The conflict when ended was considered a draw.

As coming events cast their shadows before
Did sunsets of life throw their mystical lore;
The past and the present claimed title to length,
Each girded in armor, reflected its strength.
History entered the field with its shadowy past
And prophecy came up to contest to the last.
The former maintained it had always been king,
And that prophecy could stand no show in the ring.

The public, unthinking as is usually the way,
Is governed by vision and by what people say;
Vibration, the power that prophecy casts
Proves vision defective through Revelation at last.
Thus shadows in history that flee not but last,
Are carved by the future and not by the past;
The people who think and not those who wait
Will feel shadows approaching though their appearance
be late.

LIBERTY



HE wild bird
Beat its wings
Against the gilded wires
Of a narrow home;
Supplied with choicest food
Bounteous in all
It grieved for fields
In which to roam.

Days of hunger,
Storms and hunter's gun
As premiums fain
Would it give;
Rather than rest secure
Within a gilded home
Remote from Nature
And within it live.

Choice music wrung
From artificial strain,
Adornments rare and brought
From foreign lands,
Depressed, a spirit
Loath to leave
The realms of Nature
Whether sea or land.

What word could best
Express this generous gift
Behind which lurked
A selfish thought;
From out a choking throat
Sweeter in tune
Than arts divine
It piped forth Liberty.

Some of bird lore,
Of spirit tame,
Like some of human kind
Content with sleep and eat;

Discharge rebellious longings
For Liberty,
And rather seek
An easy seat.

Thus far behind the line
That bounds acceptance
Where Liberty
Bends and yields
Lies Independence,
Gorgeous of dress and plumage
Green of youth
And sweet its fields.



THE HOMESTEAD



OLD homesteads stand as landmarks
Of times in early days;
When pioneers laid forests down,
And blazed our great highways.
Our noble forests one time stood,
And afterward gave place
To homesteads old that reared the men
Who set our Nation's pace.
Their generations afterward,
In coming back to view
The old and crumbling homestead,
Had given place to new.
The forest with its mighty oaks,
Had disappeared forever;
The yeoman and his noble spouse
Had flown away together.
They left a glorious heritage
To float upon the river;
Like flint to hold the spark of fire
Their ancestors the quiver.
Collateral trend in modern days,
Like steps that tread the stone,
Wear down the work their fathers wrought,
And leave the home alone.

ARE WE DRIFTING?



RE we drifting, slowing drifting
From the height our fathers stood,
When they planted Independence
Of our glorious brotherhood,
Are we falling, slowly falling,
From the grade our mothers had,
Are we careless in our morals,
Are we going to the bad?

Are we rising, slowing rising,
In the world's progressive race;
Can we press forever forward,
Can we keep a steady pace?
Will our actions and our motives,
Be in keeping with our claims;
Will we foster truth and virtue,
And escape all pain and chains?

Are we listening to the death knell
That ambition ever tolls?
Are we conscious of its victims,
Have we glanced across its rolls?
Do we realize the energy
We are burning every day?
Do we know the night of darkness
Will subdue our light of day?

If we help to build attunement
And support its monoliths,
We will dig the grave of discord,
We will sever all its withes.
We will gain the faith of nations
Where despotic rulers hold,
The destiny of their people
When love has long grown cold.

If we study Revelation
And neglect the public press;
We will do ourselves more justice,
We will live on less excess.
If we must be retroactive
Let us fall for such a cause,
As inspired our Independence
And the virtue in our laws.



THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

HE years we have lived are past now,
Their pages we have read;
Our future ones are uncut leaves,
Their story most we dread.
Yet when we in our backward look,
Scale all our past and present,
How different might we guide our ship,
And make our lives more pleasant.
The clouds of sadness now hang low,
Where once the sun was shining;
The chilly life of selfish trend,
Has darkened all their lining.
But what would be our lives if left
To shimmer on the level;
Without its hills and valleys
Or its choice of God or Devil?
And when we once more backward turn,
And think we could do better,
Than travel on a zigzag course
But toe the mark and letter,
We'd find ourselves as far at sea
As once we were in the mire;
For Life would be a chilly thing
Without its evil fire.

JEAN ADAMS



HADOWS were approaching when the sun went down

And the moon was withholding its silver;
Jean Adams was cooking her evening meal
When the sound of a voice made her shiver.

The place where she lived was a lonely one,
Her children were grown and had scattered;
Neglect had invaded her fences and hedge,
Her vehicles were old and all battered.

Her husband had gone on a journey at sea,
To return when the Summer was dying;
But the ship that he guided was wrecked on the rocks,
Her hopes then ended in sighing.

She lived on in silence, with sadness oppressed
And the years of her youth had deserted;
She believed that her husband would come back to her
side,
And her faithfulness never perverted.

The voice that had startled Jean Adams that night,
Was vibration that sounded his coming;
The night passed away and by light of the day,
Lost Charlie was through his field running.

The wreck of his ship and exposure to cold,
Had wrecked his mind and his reason;
He drifted far off to a magical isle,
Where time was as short as a season.

A home-coming vessel bore down on this isle,
And carried away all the stranded;
Among them was Charlie who hurried to Jean,
As soon as the vessel had landed.

HAVE YOU HEARD AN ECHO?



N echo once was said to live
Within a rugged hill;
It bounded through a deep ravine
It stopped not at the rill.
When twilight pushed the evening sun
Behind the wooded hill,
The echo called to lovers
Who were seated by a mill.
The valley and its little stream
By which the mill was turned,
Held many a lover's secret vow
And many a hand was spurned.
The echo often sent delight
To those who sought its home;
For lovers love a quiet place,
A spot for them alone.

When workmen came at early dawn
To level down the hill,
The echo could not there be found
Nor at the gray old mill.
The voice of love had loaned it wings
On which to early start;
It bade adieu to hill and mill
It hid in woman's heart.
Like shadows falling o'er the face
Of sad and solemn sphinx
Does sorrow cross a woman's heart,
Or storming at its brinks.
The echo of the river Nile
In Cleopatra's day,
When shadows fell across her throne
The echo fled away.

It fled before her dreamy eyes
It kissed their tear-steeped lids;
It bade adieu to river Nile
And to the pyramids.

For love is like an echo's haunts,
Unlike an endless ring;
For when you think you own its soul
It's gone and on the wing.
Oh, if you hear an echo
In wood or field or lane,
Be kind to little echo
It has a sweet refrain.
Oh, if you hear an echo
That caused a tear to start,
It does not live in yonder hill
But in a woman's heart.



THE LIVING FORCE

HE bird in its lessons taught man
The theory of flight;
That he might sweep the skies by day
Or race with stars by night.
The Wrights applied the principle
Obtained from lessons taught,
By giving birth to aeroplane,
The dream that others sought.

Throughout the ages past and gone
No scientist would declare
That craft of heavy burden
Could maintain itself in air.
To challenge gravitation
And drive engines through the air,
Are things that only lunatics
In former days would dare.

The problem conquered by the Wrights
Was taught in Nature's school,
And hither must the scholar go
For wisdom, knowledge, rule.

The wireless spark, as fleet as thought,
To distant lands has sped;
When halted and interpreted
A thought on fire is read.

Some say what now seem great inventions
Or wondrous problems wrought
Are only resurrected things
That early Nations taught.
These Nations like inventions
That flourished in ages past
Are buried deep beneath the dust
The winds of centuries cast.

But man of every tongue and race
Self conscious of life or death,
Both knew and realized his life began
And ended with his breath.
In Holy Writ 'tis said of God
Whose eye is of all seeing,
The breath of life he breathed in man
And made a living being.

In youth I wandered through the woods
And fields of so much promise;
I wondered at the stars by night,
I was a Doubting Thomas.
I had not then yet realized
That I, myself, was double
Or that my other self alone
Could soothe my heart in trouble.

Nor had I then in days of school
In Nature's highest course,
Discovered that my double was I
And moved by sacred force.
But journeying up and down through life
Between its shifting scenes,
I saw wisdom in the setting sun
And in its noonday beams.

All nature came at ready call
To testify at court,
That life in every living thing
Was the very same in sort.
Throughout all nature's common school
The highest thought transcending
Is that God alone controls that life
On which all is depending.

If creation in its lower life
Can challenge ours, the higher,
Why do people worship lifeless gods
While others worship fire?
Unless it be that these to them,
As objects, represent
The living God, invisible,
The Spirit Omnipotent.

How passing few of human race
Have found where God abides;
The soul of man, his handiwork
Is the place where He resides.
Shall we, who having known ourselves
As also others should,
Encourage the outward evil man
And neglect the inner good?

Why not on learning one is two
And one of two must die;
The other is Immortality
The image of Him on high.
Neglect if must, the outer one,
But feed the inner best
Whose promise in the future life
Brings peace and happiness.

Our outer life's a spider's web
Frail and of brittle thread,
Whose fragile strength will perish soon
From circumstance's frequent tread.

But the inner one will challenge time
 Or fate or force combined,
 Because it's wrapped by sacred threads
 Which God himself entwined.

¶

AMBITION



AMBITION! indestructible mischief, slumbering,
 Ah! but with one eye open sees the unseen.
 Fawning around the gifted,
 Fanning conceit of the egoist,
 Danger lurks between.

Co-equal with all forces as to birth,
 Death has met its equal;
 It has raced with Satan,
 Some escape while others fall,
 Longevity is its sequel.

How oft has the gifted contributed
 To civilization's chest
 When lured by wily voice?
 Ambition lifts, thinks of self,
 The cause a zest.

Self-chosen monarchs, great or small,
 Bow before its altar;
 Begging, hoping that the power,
 Vanity worships would lift the seeker,
 Justice provoking.

Thus must causes great, admit
 Though reluctantly, the frailty of their Creator.
 Desertion foreordained through human weakness
 Leaves the cause to die,
 Ambition its relator.

OH! IF YOU HAVE A SWEETHEART



WHEN looking for the milestones
In our journey through this life;
A few are hewn by pleasure's hand
But most are carved by strife.
The way is ever winding,
The sky not always clear;
By hope we venture forward,
In doubt we're checked by fear.

Our days of youth seem very short
In kilts and tresses clad;
When she a little sweetheart
And I a bashful lad.
The ever busy hand of fate,
As years rolled on before,
How oft I've wished for playing yet
Around that same old door.

That mother who from early youth
My footsteps sought to guide;
I often wish I had her yet
To sit down by her side.
Her loving heart and patient care
In teaching me to walk
Along the straight and narrow path,
And not the winding walk.

She always looked beyond my faults
Whatever was her mood;
There's nothing worse in all the world
That base ingratitude.
She always said a mother's star
Arose to never set;
If she were living now I'm sure
She would be a Suffragette.
Oh, if you have a sweetheart
And not a loving wife,
Don't trifle with too many hearts
But lead an honest life.

For once a woman's heart is pierced
By broken confidence,
That heart will never be the same,
Though soothed by penitence.

¶

THE RIVALS



HE Stars and Stripes though young in
years,
Has gained a worthy place
Among the Nations of the earth
And scored in every race.

Unselfish men who volunteered
To dig the trenches deep,
Wherein the Cause of Liberty
Could its equilibrium keep.

These men put Cause above the price,
They laid Ambition down;
They glorified the work they wrought,
And cast on price a frown.

But human blood like other kind
Deteriorates by lack of care;
Unselfish men who died for Cause
Were few and now are rare.

What safeguards now are left to guide
This young and powerful nation;
Since wealth will take the place of trust
And prostitute its station.

Oligarchies always thrive
Where wealth controls the hour;
They blast the hope of liberty
And crush its spark of power.

Our people worship now a god
Of heathen kind, an idol;
In streams of wealth they seek to bathe,
The fashion now is tidal.

WHY?



F truth is God and God is truth
And Nature sprang from twain,
Then why should false and treacherous
force
Inflict in Nature pain?
If God inspired in Nature good
And gave it Godly force,
Then why should He deceive such force
By evil and remorse?
If trusting Nature ventures forth
Inspired by faith and love,
Then why should evil perch near by
In plumage of the dove?

If men or women start in life
Upon the narrow way
And sacrifice their lives for good
By night as well as day;
Then why should evil rob such ones
Of laurels they have earned;
And when they seek their treasure box
They find their treasures burned?
The mother, true to Nature's call
Brings forth her helpless young;
Why should her hopes be turned to tears
By force that evil wrung?

Why should the little trusting bud
In Nature's great domain
Be stricken by a cruel frost
Or die for lack of rain?
Why should a woman's loyal heart
Be pierced by darts of pain
And wither like the tender bud
Or like a life that's slain?
Why should the man who emulates
The force that springs from good,
Be handicapped by evil force
And could not if he would?

What compensation will be paid
 To they who fall for good
 And why should payment be delayed
 To honest womanhood?
 If effort is to ever share
 In any recompense,
 Then why not share it while on earth
 Instead of penitence?
 And why is pleasure's season short
 And that of sorrow long;
 And why does evil have the right
 To chill the heart of song?



THE LIVING MISSILE



ITHIN a cosy little home
 A thing of life had stayed;
 But when the greatest battery spoke
 This little thing obeyed.

In silence, clothed in power
 It hurried on its way;
 It left behind no evidence
 Of object, cause or stay.

Void of range or engineer
 This subtle, little thing
 Ignored our gravitation laws,
 Continued on the wing.

No sage or depths of research
 Have yet the problem solved;
 The destiny of a fleeting thought
 Or influence involved.

How very many missiles
 The human mind has thrown

And what became of all of these
No one has ever known.

If thought at large is filled with life
As when it was in cell;
Then it must be Immortal
And its ending none can tell.

A human soul or human thought
When either takes its flight,
Emerges in the unseen world
Its course an endless night.

Will thought be mobile, once at large
Will good or bad increase;
Will human understanding find its home
Since its release?

The harvest of the coming years
That spring from germs of thought,
Will yield the kind and quality
That the planting time has fraught.



THE CONQUEROR



LASHING through the universe, unseen and
unheard;
Without form or vision, noiseless as a bird.
Springing from reservoirs, boundless, measure-
less, immortal, keen,
Resistless in flight, omnipresent, results are
seen.

Lost but not destroyed, whirls on through ages;
Leads the march of events, gives history its pages.
Like ocean waves roll up their sands,
Does Thought lift Hope, loose doubt its bands.
Mobilized Thought, like truth that saves,
Moves multitudes to action, in tidal waves.

THE PEDLER



HE sun was disappearing
One evening late in June,
Behind a grove of chestnut trees,
Its light obscured the moon.

A wandering Pedler, sore of foot,
His pockets light of money
Laid down his pack of pedler's goods;
The day was hot and sunny.

The traveler camped within this grove
And like so many pedlers
Was tired, sleepy, longed for rest
And shunned the busy meddler.

From out a hollow chestnut tree
An owl with eyes stupendous,
Sent forth its voice in dead of night,
The hoot was most tremendous.

The Pedler, used to Nature's noise
And void of fear or worry,
Slept on throughout this Summer night
To awaken did not hurry.

The owl in search of fluffy things
For lining up its nest,
Like other feathered creatures wild
Oft gathered up the best.

In flitting through this chestnut grove
While Pedler took his nap,
The owl descended while on wing
And carried off his cap.

This Pedler fond of out door life
Was freckled, tanned and gaunt;
His headgear caused but small concern
His stomach growled from want.

Within the band of Pedler's cap
The owl chose for its nest;
Secluded was the Pedler's wealth
Long kept within his vest.

In after years this chestnut tree
To lumber was reduced;
The Pedler's cap and money, too,
The chestnut tree produced.



THE MOONBEAM AND THE OCEAN



EAR old Ocean with musical voice
And sleepless eye throughout the ages;
Your years marked by grains of sand,
Your history volumes and not pages.
Your bosom bare to Summer suns
And wintry winds that blow,
Heave in emotion and sighing, fall
With tides in their outward flow.

When night pursues the fleeting day
And its mantled darkness spreads;
The moon oftentimes o'er your bosom steals
And a beam of silver sheds.
Sunbeams kiss your troubled surface,
Health abounds within your waves.
On your surface joy has ridden,
Mystery hides within your caves.

Planets long have shone upon you,
Falling stars their light you've drowned;
The moon alone has won your favor,
On other planets you have frowned.
Tell me why throughout the ages,
The moon her light your lungs should fill.
Why should she attract your waters,
Why should you obey her will?

JUST HOLD A CONSULTATION



HEN you feel a trifle fighty
And your blood is warming up,
Just stop and hold a consultation,
Take a drink from Reason's cup.
Take counsel from your inner self.
It will be to your renown;
And as your reason rises
Your mercury will go down.

The seeds of evil sowing
In our idleness or wrath,
Are wafted by the many winds
To grow up in our path.
These empty seeds float lightest
And scatter round about,
Their kernel has been ruined
By the musty shell without.

We need a consultation
When the devil lurks around,
To keep our boats from sinking
Or from going on the ground.
Or when our anger rises
And we draw a firearm,
We need a consultation
To prevent us doing harm.

The man who lets his malice run
With no attempt to check,
Will find himself a criminal,
A ruin or a wreck.
And then he pleads insanity
To relieve his common lot;
There's not so much insanity
As there's devil, people's got.

When things go wrong in business life
And men have ugly tones,
Just hold a consultation
And exempt it from your homes.
Your wife has trials of her own to fight
And needs your kindest voice;
So hold a consultation
And you'll help her to rejoice.

When temptation of whatever kind
Surrounds your outward being,
Just hold a consultation
And you'll set this evil fleeing.
You will never be mistaken
If you council with your soul;
Then just hold a consultation
And escape the evil toll.



MY FOSTER FATHER



WHITE frame house and big bank barn stood
on the "Old Plank Road";
The years I spent at this old place inspired
this little ode.
Both house and barn withstood the siege
which eighty years bombarded,
The nestor who commanded here was always well
regarded.

A family—some ten in all—was reared upon this place,
But Death its reaper busy kept until it left no trace.
Then strangers came and bought the farm with all its
trees and hedges,
They found it all in good repair and also free from
pledges.

I spent my days of early youth upon this old plantation;
'Twas here I wore my linsey clothes, I had but poor
relation.

This man with whom I went to live was strict and fond
of labor;
He planted hedges by the mile, this fence grew in his
favor.

In after years when I had grown and this man old and
sadder,
I took his picture by the gate, my sweetheart on a ladder.
This picture showed the house and trees and all the front
yard over;
It showed his grandson standing by my faithful friend,
old Rover.



KATHLEEN



MONG the sweetest flowers that grow
In yard or field or wood;
Is a little blue-eyed five-year-old
I've loved from babyhood.
She is the fairest little bud
Of all the flowers that bloom;
The dart that strikes me deepest
Is her budding ends so soon.

'Tis wrong in me to wish that she
Could longer be so little;
But the thread of life for her is long,
While mine is short and brittle.
Her lively, happy, charming ways,
Her lovely baby words
Are as full of little echoing notes
As the sweetest song of birds.

How often when away from her
Amid the scenes of life
My thoughts go back to this little bud
In hours of peace and strife.

A hundred times at day or night
This little blue-eyed girl
Drives all my other thoughts away
And sets my mind awhirl.

My love for her I can't compute,
It's far beyond my all;
And when her days of blooming end
I cannot them recall.
When shadows ofttime cross my heart
And all my light has fled,
A flaming thought from Kathleen comes
And helps me lift my head.

Inspired by her I refuge take
In poetry and song;
And thus it is the nights grow short
That formerly were long.
She oft came tripping through my dreams,
They scattered, flew or fled;
I felt her little, soft white hand
Fall gently on my head.

And then her hearty little laugh
Rang out like echoes sweet;
She drove both sleep and dream away
And I sprang to my feet.
But lo! no Kathleen stood nearby
Nor anywhere in sight;
I only saw her in a thought
While passing in its flight.

Inheritance, one of Nature's cogs,
In all its vast machine,
Contributed much to this blue-eyed girl
From her mother's regime.
She, too, was once a little tot,
And played and romped about;
My happiest days were spent with her,
But they fled and lingered not.

EVOLUTION



ROM a window in a crowded street
I watched the busy throng;
I studied human nature
As the people moved along.
Some were tall and some were short
And some showed taste in dress;
While others, careless, loitered on
And some were business pressed.

I ventured forth in Nature's Realms
Where lessons rare abound;
From busy ants and bugs and bees,
And reptiles of the ground.
I paused beside a spider's den
To observe its cunning ways
And from it learned a lesson,
I have treasured all my days.

In looking at the monkeys
And in watching them at play,
There is reason for what Darwin
And other great men say.
There is no use in denying
That man is an animal;
There's one that's even lower
Who is called a cannibal.

We laud our civilization,
We lift our soul in song;
We build our church and college
And our prayers are oftentimes long.
But when we shed our outward mask
And reveal the natural truth,
There is animal in our nature
And there is instinct in our youth.

We walk throughout our fields and woods,
By stream and deep ravine;
We study Nature found on land,
Or shell life in marine.

And when we run the species down
And all their natural acts,
There's none that outraged Nature
As has man, nor been as lax.

With all our light of wisdom,
Our exalted sense of right;
Why are we cruel, soulless,
Why abuse our gift of right;
If Evolution's lifting force
Gained man his higher place;
Then why should life below him
Do less outrage in the race?



WHAT IS IT?



HAT is this strange old influence
The people christen Love;
Which emanates beneath us
As well as from above?

Its attributes throughout the years
Were lifted high in song;
Our sculptors carved its form a god,
Its mission right not wrong.

It greets us in a God-like form
With righteousness pretending;
But when we tear away its mask
Then evil is transcending.

It lifts our soul in ecstasy
As joyous as the lark;
Then leads us into dismal swamps
And stabs us in the dark.

It clings to the heart that welcomes it
Like powder does to mortars;
It steals within our happy homes
And robs us of our daughters.

Thus love is like old Janus's god,
 Like Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;
 For when you think your love is God
 The devil is by your side.

It bends its knee in humbleness,
 It lifts its hand to pledge;
 Concealed it hides a dagger
 With keen and poisoned edge.



THAT OLD FIFTH READER



NE lazy day in Summer when the sun was
 broiling hot,
 And the streets throughout the city were de-
 serted round about;
 I passed a little book shop in a dark and
 dingy nook,
 When its owner bade me enter and he'd sell me cheap a
 book.

I was more or less a bookworm when the notion came
 my way,
 But why it happened to attract me then is more than I
 can say.
 I accepted his invitation and dodged the heat so stale,
 To look his book shop over for books he had for sale.

Once in his little dungeon, with dust and must and nooks,
 The perspiration flowed so free it drowned my thoughts
 for books.

Your place is rather close, old man, the air a trifle stuffy,
 But over there I see a book, the author is McGuffy.

He wiped the dust from off the book his face was round
 and kind,
 And handing me the book he said: "By searching ye
 shall find."
 It was the book I treasure much and one I long have
 sought,
 Because it carried memories of school I once had taught.

Of all the school day readers or books I ever sought,
Not one of them I treasure as I do this one I bought.
It took me back to school days with all their shades
and dreams,
To playing ball, to fox and geese and skating on the
streams.

I gladly paid the bookman's price for this long sought
for treasure,
That I from out this faded book could gather so much
pleasure.
How often since in looking back to days both good and
old,
I read this faded reader for the wisdom that it told.

I love this book for reasons, but high above them all,
Hangs the romance of a pretty girl I chanced to meet
one Fall.
We both began as teachers in the common school of
thought,
But later learned the lessons that the future since has
taught.

We swung around the circle in our teaching days of yore,
She was thoughtful, bright and practical, while I dreamed
of future store.
Could I have seen my future self as she had seen its
shadow
My coloring would be a brighter shade and not look
quite so sallow.

But He who built the universe with all its strength and
weakness,
Provided those who blundered with little haunts of meek-
ness.
I cannot reconstruct the past, nor can the greatest
pleader,
But I'll do my best to reconstruct and read my old Fifth
Reader.

THE OCEAN



EAR old ocean; cruel ocean;
How peaceful, yet how angry;
Myriads have gazed upon your beauty
And passed away.
Treacherous ocean, beguiling the beatiful ships
To float, swan-like upon your bosom,

Then in an evil hour
End their day.

Yielding, benevolently, drop after drop
Of your salt-laden waters,
To moisten the kisses
Of sunbeams, trained.
Indian giver selfish, stingy,
Gluttonous slaggard, lying in wait
To steal from the clouds
Your gifts, in distilled rain.

Deep within your heart
Rest secret Revelation, itself
Has failed to uncover
And coming ages, as well will fail.
Exploration has but one field
That challenges the adventurer
And that is your caverns,
An untold tale.

Your foaming billows
Like the melody of distant bells,
Roll away and end in silence
On your white shore.
Far down, beyond the reach
Of human vision, life abounds
And research will remain
An unrecorded store.

Far beneath your restless surface
Treasures lay;
Sunken vessels, homes for sea life,
Human skulls inanimate.

Darkness hangs its cloak
Of mourning, hope a stranger;
Courage dead, no ray of light
To radiate.

Charming ocean, always playful,
Ever changing;
Still the same, restless,
Peaceful, noisy silent.
Dullness never; bears acquaintance,
Breath of freshness
From your lungs; endless roar
Instead of quiet.



AN EVER SHINING CONSTELLATION



HERE are many constellations
In the starry skies of night;
Some of them are visible
Others far beyond our sight.
The firmament has many stars
The hand of God has set;
They have shone throughout the ages
And continue shining yet.

How many little twinkling stars
That form the diadem
Of the Great Jehovah's handiwork
And the light which falls from them.
Of all the brilliant diamonds
Or gems of rarest find,
Their rays fall short in piercing space
Compared with starry kind.

But all these many clusters
Of bright and shining lights,
They fade away throughout the day
But hold the fort at nights.

How much they bring to memory
In summing up the good,
A greater constellation
Of our bounteous babyhood.

These darling, precious babies
With their tiny hands and feet;
Their funny baby antics,
Their faces round and sweet.
Their puckered rosebud mouths
And their tiny little toes,
Their only weapon of defense
Is pouring out their woes.

They trust their lives to bigger folks
These darling, helpless dears;
Confiding in our loyalty,
Remote from any fears.
What grander picture can be seen
In all our halls of art,
Than a mother singing lullabies
Which bubble from her heart.

Above the shadows that o'er us fall
Like worlds that long have stood;
A constellation that ever shines
Is our glorious motherhood.
The men, they have their brotherhood
Whose light is ever ready
To shoot its rays for fallen ones
But never shines so steady.

There may be many Damons
In the skies of human night;
A few perhaps are visible
But most are out of sight.
If men would be as constant
As God ordained they should
Their constellation might compare
With boundless womanhood.

THE GRAND REVIEW



NE evening in the Autumn when Jack Frost
the earth did chill,
And the songbirds all had flown away as did
the whip-poor-will;
I was lonely, sad and pensive, as the sun was
going down,

While the moon was mounting upward past the spires of
the town.

I walked down to a crumbling mill which time was fast
destroying;

Where I could sit in solitude and free from all annoying.
The race that once its water poured and turned the mil-
ler's wheel

Had long since dried, the miller died and the pond be-
came a field.

While seated by the ancient mill with Nature still as
death,

The trees had lost their coats of green, the flowers had
lost their breath;

How many men have come and gone, since first the mill
did grind,

And where are they who disappeared, those yeomen good
and kind.

My mind turned back through years long gone as if in
great review

To canvass scenes and friends of old, to all I ever knew;
The multitudes who came and went along the great
highway,

Abided but a season and none of them did stay.

It seemed a part of Nature's plan this transitory state,
To come and go, to live and die and abide the will of
fate;

But where are all the multitudes whom time has swept
away,

Has their passing been their finish, will their night re-
turn to day?

Will I ever see the faces of the scholars once I taught
Or see my loving parents in other ways than thought?
Will the multitudes who passed away return in Grand
Review,
To enter on a new career and start in life anew?

In the midst of looking backward as my feet swung to
and fro,
They were moving automatic as my mind did not then
know,
But within me came the answer to the questions that I
ask;
"It is I who lives forever, it is you who is the mask."

"It is I who makes you happy, it is you who makes you
sad,
"It is I who never ruffles it is you who oft gets mad;
"It is I who paints your landscapes, lifts your star to
heights sublime,
"It is you who soils the painting, it is you who fails to
shine."

"The mask is you, the natural man who passed in great
Review,
"Your passing is your finished one, you cannot your
life renew;
"But I, who you thought I was you, will live for you
anew,
"But you, like other natural things, forever pass from
view."

Thus me in rapture by the mill did feel an inner thrill,
My soul to me was speaking then, while all around was
still;
"Has me through all these years, usurped the place of I
"By thinking I was me and me was I?"

My soul did me thus company keep throughout the great
review
It pointed out the living way, the one to live anew;

Near by me stood an elm tree, to all appearance dead,
But from its roots a sapling small began to rear its
head.

Thus life in Nature gets its source from a pre-existing
one,
But if death kills off the living force, transition then is
done;
"Though you may die," my soul did say, "yet I will live
for you
"That you again may see your friends in the future
Grand Review."

Attached to the bark of an elm tree, a little above my
head,
Was the faded mask of a locust, but the locust it had
fled;
The mask had eyes, and wings, and feet, and body same
as when
It moved and had its being but the life was the locust
then.

My soul then said: "As that mask is, so later you will be,
"But I will guide the living you to the land of immor-
tality.
"To reach that land you need not wait for resurrection
day,
"For when your natural light goes out, then I will lead
the way."

Throughout the years of natural life how very, very few,
Themselves at last did realize that one time one was
two;
And fewer still are they that live who realize the force
That they themselves control the time of resurrection's
course.

The earlier man begins in life his transformation task,
His resurrection is assured when he has dropped his
mask;

The nearer the outward, natural man lives to the inner one,
The higher will be his earthly joys in the race on earth he'll run.

Man's body in his future state when starting out anew,
Is fashioned by his earthly work to appear in the Grand Review;

Progressive is the future life, like those who earn renown,
And better you weave your future robe than march in a hand-me-down.

The butterfly a worm once was and crept upon the earth,
Despised by all of human kind, no one did praise its worth;

But e'er the frosts of life had come, this ugly, hated thing

Began its transformation task, to fly about in Spring.

Ah, then, the Heaven we read about, is not a distant land!

It is the entire universe, around on every hand;

We enter Heaven when our soul departs and it guides for us the way

That we our transformation end, when we shall end our day.



THE CORNFIELD'S PRAYER



DRY and wilting field of corn,
One hot and sultry day,
Petitioned to the burning sun,
To lift some water from the bay.
The meadow also joined the corn,
That hot and burning day;

And said: "Unless you moisten me
"I'll surely make no hay."

The sun then let a beam descend
Upon the quiet bay;
And turned some globules into steam
Which rose that sultry day.

A land breeze carried this steam aloft
Where it might soon congeal,
And a friendly current hurrying down
Brought rain upon the field.
Both corn and hayfield then rejoiced,
And took on courage new;
They stopped their moody, wilting ways
And bore a greener hue.
They smiled on birds and beetles,
To the herds upon the hills;
They kissed the burning sunbeam,
They waved to thirsty rills.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
And e'en this ball of fire,
Unlike its cold and placid moon
You are loved for aught you ire.
Although we sometimes angry get
Your beams and heat don't cherish;
But were it not for these alone
All plant life soon would perish.



DEFECTS



FEW of us are normal and well rounded,
Are gentle and jolly good souls;
But most of us are seconds, are wabbly,
And flattened somewhat at the poles.

A few of us in reason are balanced,
Our judgment notwithstanding the test;
But most of us fall below zero
When guaged by a temperate test.

When we look at ourselves as reflected
In the mirror the public hangs up;
Defects fall short of our vision
While we drink from an egotist's cup.

To err is said to be human,
To forgive is surely divine;
But to rise above all human defects
Is as hard as to reach the sublime.



WHEN THE WAR IS OVER



HEN the Eastern War is over,
And the Dove of Peace appears
To drive away the vulture,
It can bathe in pools of tears.

It will witness mighty graveyards
Where in former happy days
A busy population thrived
And commerce coursed its ways.

It will see the robe of darkness hang
Where once prevailed the white,
And all around will sadness reign,
And clouds obscure the light.

It, too, will hear the rumbling
Of the modern Juggernaut,
In its onward, cruel mission,
To the living's common lot.

It will squeeze the population
And extract the people's might
To pay the awful war debt
When peace gave way to fight.

The many homes with empty chairs,
The men who fell in war;
The lonely ones now left behind,
Ask what the war was for.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE



HEN the light of Christian chivalry
 Rolled the pagan shadows back;
Emancipation loosed the girth
 That bound a woman's pack.
Throughout her years of slavery
 For her patience and her cause
The force of Equal Suffrage formed
 And bade injustice pause.

The world has taken inventory
 Of deeds that woman wrought;
The muse had made its balance
 Of the good that she has taught.
The rumbling of the mighty force
 Behind subjection's door,
Is bursting out upon the world,
 Its sign has gone before.

The high and lofty mission
 That is woman's lot to fill;
Has cast its shadow forward
 In obedience to her will.
In the wake of human effort
 Stand as monoliths in stone,
Achievements wrought by women
 When they bore the load alone.

The world has come to realize
 That a great and lofty cause
Can trace its birth to womanhood
 And the justice in our laws.
Thus change has mobilized the force
 That soon will move the world
To higher, nobler, loftier heights
 When LIBERTY is unfurled.

SILENT NIGHT



THE globes of dew in Summer time
When fired by morning rays
Of the sun we scold so much about
On our hottest Summer days;
Are like the frail white spider's web
That is spun from silken thread,
And will perish soon from forces thrown,
Or Nature's softest tread.
The finest tints of Nature's art
The gorgeous beauty spread,
Have all appeared when night put on
Her evening robes and sunlight disappeared.
The stars that pin the curtains back
That screen the light of day,
Shed forth their soft and silvery light
And cool the heat of day.
In silent night the land of dreams
Bring out the stars of night;
But these are not celestial kind,
And disappear in flight.
In silent night the moonbeams kiss
The ocean's tossing waves;
They light the deep and dark ravines
And smile on lonely graves.
When night its shadow rolls across
The mountain, hill or plain,
The noise and tumult heard by day
Leaves night without refrain.
Silent night, the refuge land,
Where rest and peace abound;
Eternal night, how few seek out
Or draw its cloak around.
Silent night brings out the stars
Of human kind and power;
They shed their light when cowards fail,
In dark and trying hour.

OUR NATIONAL LOOM



THE loom that weaves our National cloth
From threads the people spin,
Has woven fabrics time has failed
To fade or wear them thin.

Some threads of thought the public spins
Like gossamers float away;
And empty spools are never wound
By thoughts that go astray.

But legislators, great or small
Who operate this mill,
Derive both right and tenure
From the force of public will.

The shades of thought that people spin
When years are bound together
Are colored by one eternal change
That's going on forever.

Thus National warp like other things
That serves the public will,
Is reinforced by new-spun threads
Or changed by public will.

The crowds that saw this National mill
Controlled by men long past,
The threads were then of statesmanship
But now of business cast.

But change, that plays on everything
Has left upon this loom,
The same eternal verdict
That its coming is too soon.

Then how little do they realize
Who operate this loom,
Their night is fast approaching
And will overtake them soon.

As all who one time ran this mill
Must from their colleagues sever,
So later they who come must go
For change goes on forever.



MENTAL PICTURES



HOW many of us realize
The multitude of pictures
We draw upon our memories
That move not, but are fixtures?
And when we turn our active mind
From business thoughts to leisure
We find our early, youthful ones
Afford us greatest pleasure.

We sometimes seek for missing ones
Inspired by notions clannish;
But disappointment long has taught
That these, like dreams, will vanish.
How can we hope to always find
That all the mind recorded
Would never vanish, fade or change
But all our wants rewarded.

We grasp for things that we let go
Indifference held us captive;
Remorse alone admonishes us
For acts that then were passive.
And thus we wend our wandering way
Experience as our teacher;
How changed would be our new career
If we could mold its feature.

A LAZY COURTSHIP



HE night was light and lovely
For the moon was bright and full;
When a pair of sturdy lovers
Moved by oars each helped to pull.

Their craft, a little dory, flat,
The water warm and still;
The only sound beside their oars
Was that of the whip-poor-will.

Now Ephraim and Delilah
Had courted long and prudent;
In computing expectation's grist
Delilah was the student.

To what extent the wily waves
Vibration plays with lovers,
Had tickled around slow Ephraim's heart
Was figured out by others.

Throughout their rides and drives and walks
This Sagittarius lover
Had kept his bow in evidence
His arrow under cover.

'Twas on this ride, Delilah thought
This everlasting question;
Her Ephraim true would this time pop
Without her forced suggestion.

But he was of the older school
Of devotees of marriage,
And thought a woman's wants were filled
By hopes and horse and carriage.

There chanced to be a party spread
At a house some miles away
Where a man they called a wealthy Duke
Had come to spend the day.

Delilah's figure, winning ways
 And blushing cheeks of red
 Attracted much this gallant Duke,
 Delilah lost her head.

Slow Ephraim caught the passing waves
 Of hope's delayed rebuke;
 He realized Delilah's heart
 Was beating for the Duke.

That evening as they journeyed home
 Not waiting for suggestion,
 Slow Ephraim grasped Delilah's hand
 And straightway popped the question.



HABIT



LD Habit having once held sway
 In cities long since buried,
 Took passage for the new found world
 And here old Habit tarried.

It found such easy subjects
 Throughout our range of states;
 They swallow hooks and sinkers
 And never wait for baits.

It shapes itself in many forms;
 Is sometimes nude and careless.
 It's pushing gowns above the knees,
 It's making most men prayerless.

It has coaxed the farmer into town,
 The maid from out the kitchen;
 It has set a craze on playing ball
 And raised the price in pitchin'.

It has hoisted up a woman's heel
 And turned her head to pictures;
 She finds the grip that fashion holds
 Is about as staid as fixtures.

FALLING SHADOWS



HADOWS fell as the lights went out
And the sunlight faded away;
May time fled and the chilly days
Of Winter came to stay.

But these were not the seasons' change
Nor the planets' moody spells;
They were falling shadows fate threw down
And the riddle misfortune tells.

Behind these shadows, as above them, shone
When favor lent its power,
The limelight shed its gorgeous rays
And influence ruled the hour.

The patient, conscious of certain pain
The surgeon's knife controls,
Seeks refuge in the sleepy drug
And the force that fate unfolds.

But the victim of misfortune's knife
Who falls from favor's role,
Must stand the pain, endure the sting
And pay disfavor's toll.

How soon the lustre fades away
How changed the charming spot,
When favor lifts its fairy sails
And leaves misfortune's lot.

How treacherous is the force
That rules in favor's gilded court;
No matter whether public ones
Or homes or inns or sports.

No sooner are we in than out,
Or up than we are down;
The smile that favor casts on us
Misfortune turns to frown.

And thus we find that shadows rule
In all the haunts of favor;
That night exceeds the length of day
And pain the ruling savor.



A LONELY BIRD



WOODPECKER that had lost its mate
Took refuge among the oaks,
A lonely bird he vowed he'd be
Ignored all other's coax.

When Autumn came this lonely bird
An oak tree's top did fill
With acorns that he hid in holes
He pecked in with his bill.

A pair of squirrels once was reared
Within its lifeless top,
And often spent their winter nights
Within its hollow knot.

When Winter with its ice and snow
The ground had covered o'er,
These squirrels then sought other haunts
Where nuts they might find more.

One morning when the snowflakes fell,
These squirrels just discovered
The woodpecker's store of acorns,
And by them close he hovered.

A fight ensued, this plucky bird
His voice and feathers up,
Beat off the hungry pirate squirrels
Without an empty cup.

THE AWAKENING



HAT is the great awakening
Vibration now foretells,
That is pushing back the curtain
And opening up the wells
Of emotion that was long
Confined by dominating force
That shackled rights of womanhood
And inspiration's course?

This force in inspiration
Clothed in poetry and song,
Burst forth and carved poetic age
Its echoes lasted long.
The selfish and the practical
Dethroned poetic age
And boasts in its creation
Of the seer and the sage.

But the rise of Woman Suffrage
And the Eastern conflict's toll
Is firing up emotion
In vibrations from the soul.
Once more the minds of many
Of this cold and selfish age
Seek refuge now in poetry
That will soon become the rage.

For the soul will not be shackled
By the selfish or the cold;
But will reassert its mighty force
As it did in days of old.
Thus the great and new awakening
Of the high and nobler part
Calls for better class of literature
And of poems from the heart.

EMANCIPATION



FORCE there was upon the earth
When man at first appeared;
Its virtue and beneficence
Has made its name revered.

Emancipation is the name
By which this force is known,
And supplication rises up
From forest, stream and home.

The monarch on his gilded throne
The beggar in the street,
Alike, this force is sought in vain
By every one we meet.

The dreamer and the one who toils
Bows low before this power;
Their minds though busied otherwise
Implore it every hour.

The widow with her children small
No income save her labor;
Emancipation fills her heart,
She prays to win its favor.

The cup of disappointment serves
Its bitter dregs of sorrow;
We seek Emancipation's force
To clear our sky tomorrow.

The broken hearts that love has pierced,
The tangle webs of marriage;
The fondest hopes of early days
Falls lifeless by miscarriage.
These lacked Emancipation's force
To steer them through the waters,
Where disappointment always lurks
And Satan harbors plotters.

When finance mobilizes clouds
And price takes place of reason
Emancipation's soothing breath
Brings comfort for a season.

When men or women chance to step
 Beyond the walk that's narrow,
 Emancipation pulls as hard
 As does the plowman's harrow.

The prisoner in his narrow cell
 Or he whose light has fled;
 And all the world to him is dark
 And all his influence dead,
 Emancipation is the god
 That has the right of way;
 Besieged by every living thing
 By night as well as day.



THE INVISIBLE DOOR



STOOD by the door of the Invisible,
 Its opening to watch and await;
 But the door was like its concealment
 And opened not, early or late.

What life or condition existed
 Within the Invisible state,
 Will ever withhold its own secret
 Since no one returned to relate.

Perhaps I had not then discovered
 What I thought was the Invisible door,
 But was only the Invisible secret
 That others had sought for before.

The Creator who built the great universe
 And filled it with all that is seen,
 Created an Infinite portion
 Put wisdom between it a screen.

The door that I stood by was wisdom
 Which in truth is an invisible thing
 And yields only to Infinite effort
 From power that knowledge will bring.

THE OPTIMIST



ON'T criticise the Optimist
Who sees things big and round;
Columbus was an Optimist, who
The Western World had found.

Throughout the scientific world
And all our range of thought,
An Optimist found the wisdom
The world at large has taught.

Celestial worlds were hiding
Behind the ages' screen,
Until Gallileo pierced it
And wisdom since is seen.

In business life the Optimist
Ofttimes must yield and bend
To Pessimistic people who
See a different trend.

There is sunshine in the Optimist,
Good natured in his life;
No frowns on clouds and worries
And he turns his back on strife.

The beauty of the rosebud
Is the unfolding of its breath;
The sadness of its whole career
Is its closing up in death.

I'd rather be an Optimist
And see all things look bright,
Than wear a pessimistic look
And hide away from sight.

RESURRECTION



HE flowers died,
The leaves had faded and fallen.
Dear old Indian Summer
Wept at their bier
As they passed away.

Spring came,
Clothed in her robe of green,
Her breath rich in perfume
Proclaiming the arrival
Of Resurrection Day.

The voice of Spring
Thrilled all Nature
And her coming
Brought cheer to all life
That bided its time.
From out the cold earth
Life appeared, the worm transformed
Floated on wings of gorgeous plumage;
Nature threw out
Her lifeline.

Thus the going and coming,
The ebbing and the flowing
Foreshadows the Creator
In all His wondrous ways.
Sadness passes
With the going
And gladness
With the coming,
Wailing winds give place
To Springtime lays.

Invoke the power
Of Springtime,
No matter at what milestone
We may have reached
In our going.

There will come new life
In an ebbing,
While we journey on
In the Stream of Time
That is ever flowing.



THE STREAM



SAT beside the river
In the days of long ago;
When my dreamland lay before me
And when youth was all aglow.

It was daytime then in dreamland
And through Faith the range I found;
But my missiles then projected
Missed the mark and struck the ground.

There have rolled between that sitting
And the place where now I stand,
The years that drained that river
And cast shadows o'er the land.

The enchanting scenes of reverie
And Fancy's glorious dream,
Have passed away forever
And I'm floating down the stream.

Its banks are bleak and treeless
And there's little sun to shine;
The current's swift and cruel
In this restless Stream of Time.

But I, like all before me,
While in this Stream of Time;
Must leave my friends and trust to fate
When left without a line.

WE ARE ONLY SHADOWS



UR mind should be our motor
To guide us through this life,
But we're shadows, only shadows
In the field of human strife.

The public press reflects us
And it moves our acts and ways;
We are governed by its bidding
And the kind of hand it plays.

We should laud our independence
Challenge critics, court not praise;
But we're shadows, only shadows
In these fickle, restless days.

The opinion of the public
Is the mirror we hang up
And we pay for disappointment
As our traveling drinking cup.

We are all starched with ego
We want our way and own;
But we wilt and bend as shadows
From the light the press has shown.



THE CONFLICT OF THE DAYS



HEN we're grown and old and wrinkled
And we turn our backward gaze,
We covet early gardens filled
With happy, sunny days.

When we're young we're looking forward
When we're old we're looking back;
We are somehow retroactive
And our forward look is slack.

When the days of youth beguiled us
 And we bent our forward gaze;
 Then we swapped our gold for pewter,
 In those bright and sunny days.

When we're young we dream of future,
 When we're old we dream of past;
 But the crepe about the dreamland
 Is for the days that now are past.

When we're old we see the shadows
 Of the things that might have been;
 All our present days are doublets
 The real gems were then.

And so our mind will wander
 O'er the conflict of the days,
 And we sit and think and ponder
 Whether worry ever pays.



SINCERITY



OU cannot mold a diamond
 From the dull and lifeless clay;
 You cannot pull the curtain back
 And see the stars by day.

Nor can you judge the kind of wood
 That lies beneath the paint;
 You cannot judge a woman's heart
 That's hampered by restraint.

You cannot judge a human soul
 By garment, groom or style;
 But judge it by resisting force
 Like diamond, acid, file.

You cannot measure friendship's strength
 By all day cloudless skies;

But judge it by the blow it strikes
When falsehood falls and dies.

Chorus:

Then listen to the throbbing heart
Sincerity bares for you,
And choose between the polished, false
And the plain, unvarnished, true.



WHAT IS LIFE BUT HOPE



ASKED a cunning spider
As she wove her silken rope
To teach me what to use for mine,
She answered "Out of Hope."

I asked a black and shiny ant
To tell me what is Hope;
Her answer was: "The Faith we have
In bridge or chain or rope."

I next sought out an aeronaut
In feathers clad, unclean;
She taught that man on wings of Hope
Could fly in a machine.

I turned away and asked a leaf
What message it could bring;
It said: "Through Hope when Autumn passed
New life would come with Spring."

And then it was I sought a man
A learned one and old;
I asked of him: "What then is life
"To which we cling and hold?"

"A substance," was his answer,
"The thing that Hope stands for;
"When once it's dead and perished
"It has passed forever more."

THE RIDDLE OF LIFE



WITH all our lights of knowledge
 When they're mobilized and trained
 Upon the frowning secret
 As to why was life ordained;
 The curtain ne'er has parted,
 The bolts refuse to turn,
 The door still shields the secrets
 We yearn so much to learn.

We search, we probe for wisdom
 Invoke the divining rod;
 But with all our knowledge and effort
 The secret still lingers with God.
 Why should there be creating
 With the label of passing on all?
 The beginning is certain to perish
 And the rising is certain to fall.

The celestial as well as the earthly
 Is wasting and wearing away;
 Is wisdom creator or created,
 Is it labelled to pass or to stay?
 With the advent of life came wisdom
 The riddle remains unsolved;
 Why is life still so mysterious
 And why must creation be dissolved?



HUMAN EFFORT



HEN the clouds hang low about us
 And misfortune's chilly hand
 Depresses all our efforts
 And our boat is forced to land;
 We drop our oars if rowing
 Or we slack our tugs at pull;
 We generate emotion
 And our hearts with blues are full.

We question compensation
For the sacrificial loss;
We give up human effort
And get our pay in dross.
Then we wonder what's the premium
For toil of being good;
Or just why we're slipping backward,
Can't go forward if we would.

But we brush from off our shoulder
That ugly, doubting thing
That darkens aspirations and wounds
Hope when on the wing.
We summon up our courage
Hoist our sails, untie our rope
And we sail above depression
In our aeroplane of Hope.



FROLIC OF THE SHADOWS



HADOWS long and shadows short,
Shadows fat and lean,
Appear upon the field of life
And pass beyond the screen.
Some shadows tell of real life,
Of story, prose or verse;
Some tell of blessing's fleeting trail
And misery's blighting curse.

Some are cast by past events,
While some appear before
To tell of things in hiding now
Behind the future's door.
In shadow land there's night and day,
There's some that's never seen;
There are some that act in colored light
And some behind the scene.

Some shadows tell of shadowy deeds
Design had covered o'er;
But subtle fate removed the shield
That formed the hidden door.
Thus shadows come and shadows go
But many reappear and reveal
A hidden secret when the truth
Is drawing near.



THE QUESTION



HY should we hail as sacred
The human burial place;
The refuge for the mask in dust
Where soul has left no trace?

In rounding out epitome
Of the mask in burial place,
It is dust divorced from memory
The last of human trace.

It is better far that flowers
Should lose their fleeting breath;
To decorate the living
Than to waste it all on death.

Why embalm the sums of money
By investing it in stone,
That death should rest above the dead
And stone should stand for bone.

We show our lack of wisdom
When we worship passing dust;
We cloud the gleam of memory
By covering it with rust.

We should turn our vision forward
And to hope should be more just;

We should worship the immortal
And transfer our faith in dust.

We should help to lengthen memory
And to lift our soul in song;
For the mask will fall and vanish
While the soul will journey on.



THE SCHOOL OF NATURE



HE sculptor with his chisel
The artist with his brush
The poet with his language
The singer like the thrush
Are not so grand as Nature
In her wonderland and deeds
We bow in benediction
At her beauty wrought from seeds.

Not all her marvelous beauty
From seeds derives its source
But springs from other causes
In her great and wondrous course.
She molds and shapes the snowflake
Cuts crystals rare and fine
Casts shafts of moon and starlight
And creates a sun to shine.

The Creator and not the creature
Is the object all should hail
When we look upon His handiwork
And all its great detail.
The artist, sculptor, poet
And all who enter school
Of Nature's greatest teaching,
Find there knowledge, wisdom, rule.

How little do we realize
As we wend our way through life
That we're careless in our lessons
From the school that's free from strife.

How grateful should all human life,
How humble should it be;
For the freedom of the wisdom
That is plain for all to see.



LADY JANE



NOBLE river high of bank
And rich in song and book
Pours out its surplus waters
In the bay near Sandy Hook.
A busy city grips the throat
Of this historic river;
New Amsterdam and Peter passed
As did the bow and quiver.
Within this wondrous city
On a fickle April morn,
No so very long ago
Our Lady Jane was born.
She's as happy as the day is long
This winsome Lady Jane;
Her smiles for all who know her
Are like sunshine after rain.
Her eyes are like the stars of night,
Her cheeks like roses red,
Her lips like priceless rubies
That adorn the crowned head.
The mother of our Lady Jane
Was born in old Kentucky;
She's a thoroughbred of that great state
And I think, mighty lucky.
The father hails from Utah state,
He's fair and tall and plain;
He's professor in Columbia
And adores our Lady Jane.
I met her in the Campus
When the grass was fresh and green,
In the good old Summer time
Of Nineteen-seventeen.

She charmed alike the youthful,
The grown-ups and the old
Who saw her in the Campus
When her carriage through it rolled.
She charmed our good friend, "Didum,"
And our lovely girl, Anne Holt
And all the little kiddies
Who cantered like a colt.
The author of this lyric
Who loves the good and plain
Enjoyed a lively one-step
When he danced with Lady Jane.
And of this little Lady Jane
Not half has yet been told;
She's the dearest little lassie
And she's less than one year old.



THE CROSSING



HE road was smooth but winding;
There was Summer time to cheer;
There were song birds in the forest;
There was change throughout the year.

There was music in the meadows;
When the bobolink arose;
And bubbled forth his melody
Like poetry after prose.

The hills were void of shepherds;
Though the flocks like flakes of snow,
Extended from the summit,
To the brook that flowed below.

Beyond these scenes of beauty,
Flowed a stream of current swift;
I'll ford this stream deep though it be;
My burden then will lift.

I looked above the current;
 But no cable stretched across
 To save myself from sinking
 Or meeting certain loss.

So I set my mind to action;
 I spun a line of thought;
 And I crossed this dreaded river,
 With its tide and dangers fraught.



THE TOMB OF TIME

 P from the shafts through the dust of ages
 Come gems that were buried from historic
 pages;
 Shielded by time and cut by its wheel
 The spool of the past now yields to the reel.

How often has science gathered to guess
 The age of this dump or compressor that pressed;
 How near or how far they have arrived at the truth
 Of the depth of this dump or the days of its youth.

Legions of effort compose this great dump,
 Roots of great governments decayed with their stump;
 A sepulchre vast and a tomb of unknown
 Is all that is left that the ages had known.

The grave diggers of past and of time yet to come
 May blast through the rock, through the shade and the
 sun;
 But chemists, geologists, historians, all
 Must stop in their research when they strike the last
 wall.

Down through the shafts the past century has sunk
 In search of vast treasures in Time's hidden trunk;
 Explorers return with tidings but few
 Amid the dust of the ages they found nothing new.

STAR OF HOPE



THE flakes of snow were falling,
The clouds hung low and dark;
Depression hedged me round about
But Hope still held its spark.

The stars of youth were shining
Above the cloudy scene,
Their shafts of light by patience
Will pierce the cloudy screen.

Again these stars of former days
Will shed their shafts of light
For me, who never wounded Hope
Nor plumed its wings for flight.

In human life are also stars
Celestial in their light,
They soothe and lift a drooping heart
And turn the dull to bright.

From out the unknown, in one life
Such human Star appeared;
It led the way to triumph
And it then became revered.

Did such a Star cross o'er the path
And drive away the doubt
That hindered much this book of verse
And put the doubt to rout?

Oh, worthy Star, then shine in verse
As time winds up her thread,
And yours will not be sunset grey
But sunset bright and red.



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